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Judge

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A DOUBTFUL OUTLOOK.

CLEVELAND—"You've made me your Candidate—Now, shall I carry you, or will you carry me?"

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - W. J. ARKELL
Art Department - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - - I. M. GREGORY

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A VOTE for prohibition is a vote for the anti-temperance, I-am-a-Democrat ticket.

* * *

THEY SAY that Isaac P. Gray is so illiterate that he can't spell his own name grammatically.

* * *

IF A. S. HEWITT isn't given some cause for getting mad that makes him madder than if he is.

* * *

THE RECENT developments as to bacteria in water have driven lots of men to the preliminary stages of Democracy.

* * *

MANY ARE called, but Depew will be chosen.—*E. F. Shepard.*

* * *

WE HAVE no bloody shirt now. We have instead the red bandana.

* * *

IF YOU are guilty you want to hire John R. Fellows to take charge of the prosecution.—*Thomas B. Kerr.*

* * *

SOMEBODY TELLS how to wear the pistol. The best way to wear it is by substitute, selecting for the purpose the first idiot who wants a present of it.

* * *

POEM—Governor Hill he seems quite ill, though he took his pill without crying; but he'll run just the same, though he may be lame, for Grover permits no denying.

* * *

IT MAY YET be demonstrated that James G. Blaine is not running the great party of this republic; and if he is ordered to the front he will come to it like a great, big man.

* * *

A DRUMMER had his left ear clipped, in Chicago, by the husband of the usual woman for his case made and provided; so that he's a drum-ear without any conversational explanation.

* * *

SHERIDAN'S orders to the confused rebels at Five Forks have a pathetic turn in view of the departure of Grant, Hancock, Thomas, McClellan, and most of the great generals on both sides—"You get right over there! Move right on! Drop your guns! You won't need them anymore."

* * *

THE RED BANDANA is all right. It became the Democratic emblem because of the ability of its possessor to make a louder noise, with its help and that of his nose, than any other member of the congress of the United States.

"One blast upon that bugle-horn," etc.

But as a principle, or the slightest semblance of one, it is curiously unpleasant.

THE BEST OF INTENTIONS.

RAFFERTY—"Are yez hurted, Dutchy?"
OFFICER HEGGENSPIEL—"I vos mosd det alreatty!"
RAFFERTY—"Shure yez *wud* be av it had'n been fer me kindness an' yure hilmit. Oi seen yez coomin' alang widout lookin' up, an' Oi chucked down th' boord so 's yez wud be sure t' see th' sign an it."

1884 AND 1888.

THE campaign of 1888 will be a discussion of public affairs from a standpoint advantageous to the Republican party. In the last presidential contest the party in power, because in power, was necessarily on the defensive. Its colors were protected and its responsive ammunition was fired from behind intrenchments. The attacking party that scrambled over the barricade with a howl of hunger were urged by leaders who frenzied their followers with visions of lucre and loot. The spotless brigade of the mugwump battery, from its recently raised earthwork, fired its newly-polished civil-service gun on the camp from which it was stolen. Subterreanean mine, merciless attack and open treachery hauled down the flag of that great organization that out of the slimy dirt of a doubtful credit raised the perfect flower of financial honor and braided its blossoms with the laurel worn and victoriously won by its successful resistance to the severance of the republic.

The official environments of the Republican party have been leveled for three years, and its archives open to inspection. The veterans have filed out. The eager light of a glaring and yet microscopic scrutiny has been turned on. The books have been opened and scanned; every possible spot has been explored. Anxious political hounding, spurred by hope and stimulated by reward, has nosed along every crevice of suspicion. The public servants whom envy and greed branded as "rascals to be turned out" are by verdict of their accusers shown to be honest men. No extravagance discovered, no dishonesty found, no dollar lost, no service neglected. The treasury, emptied by the heedlessness and larceny of the last Democratic administration, was found filled, and overflowing, to hand over to the next. The great stink-pot cartridge of falsehood and calumny, intended to suffocate the Republican party to extinction, burst and spattered its own projectors. Even the civil-service gun, manned and manipulated with kid-glove delicacy, kicked with more vitality in its breech than in its muzzle.

The arraignment against the administration in occupancy is this. It is no longer a Democratic party. One after another the sportive denizens of that political sea have been chewed and swallowed, and have added nutrition to the executive mammalia. All those audacious or imprudent enough to sport with the presidential complacency are doomed to mastication, and the school is distinguished and large that is forced into his maw with a menace or a veto, to further reinforce and fatten his political girth. Cleveland has cajoled and spurned the reformers whose bent backs he used for his stepping-stone. Vetoing with a sneer pension bills to save soldiers from an alms-house, he nevertheless truckled to the south with his order to return the rebel flags. The loyal protest stung him, not with regret, but with dismay, and he cowardly shuffled his propitiatory purpose to the shoulders of a subordinate. Vacillating with vanity, or stirred by a love of power, he wiped off his bulletin board his early platitudes on the danger to good government of the solicitous seeking of a second term, and demanded a renomination. Pessimist or hypocritical, he has prostituted the public service to personal rather than party ends, and yet parades with a Pecksniffian air of virtue. He has alienated a large portion of the Democracy by his English subserviency in the proposed fishery treaty; yet with an autocratic assumption of power, against the expressed enactment of a Democratic house and a Republican senate, obstinately projects negotiations distasteful and humiliating to the American people. Above all, finding the indictment of dishonesty against the Republican party unproved and untrue, to attain fictitious conspicuousness before the country, to retain his seat, he launched the issue of free trade, preferring rather than lose it to paralyze our industries, and as far as possible relegate the United States to a colonial position. The Democratic party is paralyzed. It sleeps in a trance, and Grover Cleveland, as its regent, reigns in its stead.

J. A.

THERE IS in Germany the question whether Bismarck or the cancerous affliction shall rule; but there is the compromise that his majesty may recover and the chancellor shall therefore politically die.

* * *

THERE HAS recently been a boom for James Owen O'Connor and several Democratic candidates for vice-president. We don't know in this country where the lightning of any kind of popularity is going to strike.

* * *

GEORGE RAINES is known in Rochester as the yellow-haired son of destiny, and likewise as the tall sycamore of the Genesee. And there is a saying in western New York, Mr. Hill, that it never Raines but it pours.

THE UNCONVENTIONALITY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

LITTLE REGINALD—"This is Mr. Clipp, our new neighbor. I knew your set had been broken, and so I brought him over. He can play a daisey game. I've been watching him over the fence."
MR. CLIPP—"How goes it, dames an' gents?"

LUNCH PIETY.

Bobley—"Eh, Wiggins, how's this?—apple pie and coffee! I didn't know that you were one of those who mortify the flesh."

Wiggins—"Have to on Friday, dear boy. Pay day is Saturday, you know."

THE GENTLEMEN ONLY DAWNCE, YOU KNOW.

Miss Whitewings (to Lieutenant Featherhead of the U. S. navy, as the yacht is getting under way)—"I wonder what they are going to do next?"

Lieut. F.—"Aw, weally, I cawn't tell exactly, doncherknow. It's the sailing-master who attends to that sort of thing."

ABSENT-MINDED.

Boggs (on board Cunard SS. Umbria in mid-ocean)—"Bless my soul, it's beginning to rain! I'll have to run 'round the corner to Drownem's and buy an umbrella."

AND THEY ALL TOUCHED IT TO SEE.

Brown made a bet with Wagerly that he could cause nine out of every ten men who passed a certain building that day to touch the structure.

Wagerly accepted the bet.

Brown simply hung out the sign "Paint."

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

While smoking gravely with his friend
These confidences he let fall:
"'Tis tempting, but I must haul up;
Noblesse oblige, confound it all!

"Poor girl! No, no—it will *not* do.
My slightest glance she trembles at—
She loves me madly. Nothing else
Will scare a fellow off like that!"

While she unto her friend remarked,
"He really bores me, but you know
One must be courteous, and besides,
The poor dear boy, he loves me so!"

M. S. B.

WOMAN'S INWOMANITY TO WOMAN.

Edith—"I can't see why you have left the Normal school. Why, in a few weeks you might have been appointed a teacher."

Maud—"That's just what I am afraid of, dear. Don't you know there are two lady commissioners on the school board?"

After tea
Don't talk reason,
For, you see,
'Twill be T-reason!

NOT A DEFAULTER.

Business man (at the bank)—"I'd like to see the president."

Clerk—"Sorry, sir, but he's in Canada."

Business man (facetiously)—"Did he take anything?"

Clerk (severely)—"Yes, sir; the 7.20 train last night."

AN IMPOSSIBLE HYPOTHESIS.

Brown was courting a charming widow who turned a deaf ear to his solicitations.

"The door of my heart is closed," she murmured.

"But," urged Brown, "the late lamented could not certainly have carried the key away with him."

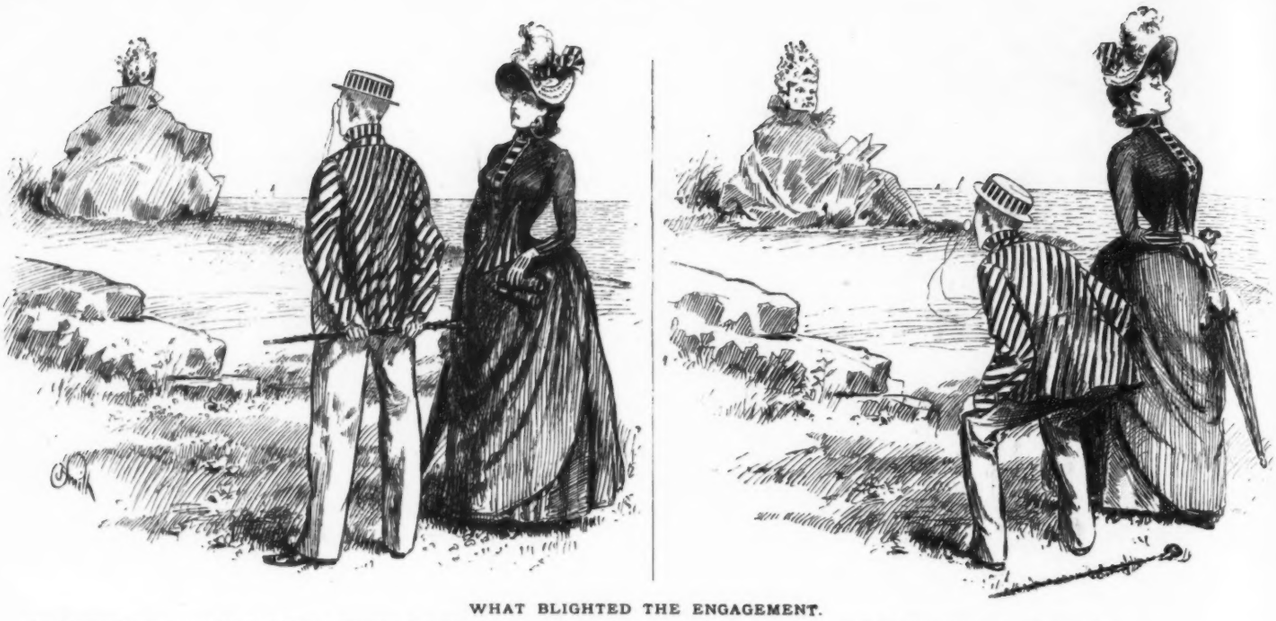
INCOMPLETE.

Jaggs—"There are restaurants in the Bowery where you can get salt pork and sauerkraut for ten cents."

Bagley—"The deuce you say! Surely they can't afford to throw in a coffin at that price?"

RANK ON THE BEACH.

MISS NAILDOWN—"Isn't that Miss Evelyn, mamma?"
MRS. NAILDOWN—"Yes; but don't notice her. She's got on one of those common before-the-mast sailor hats."



WHAT BLIGHTED THE ENGAGEMENT.

MR. WAKELEY (*very near-sighted*)—"What a charming little rock-garden you've arranged down there on the bluff; so solid and substantial, you know."

And just then mamma turned around!

HUM OF THE COURT.

ARGONIA, the Kansas town with a woman mayor, has been wrecked by a cyclone. We predicted that.

A PAMPHLET tries to show the pedigree of the devil. If his origin is English it will be a good thing for the gentleman.

LET IT be established that Colonel Ingersoll has plagiarized and the fame of the man he hooked from will be made forevermore.

HENRY STANLEY has been lost and found so often that there is no fatted veal except that whose killing has been begun at St. Louis.

A PROHIBITIONIST is not a mugwump. He thinks that as to *one* question no man has a right to an opinion that is opposed to his own.

HENRY GEORGEISM in brief, as presented by the Detroit *Free Press*—Some measure that will make the workman rich and the employer poor.

IT IS SAID that one pound of banana has more nutriment than three pounds of meal, and we know of lots of men who have always objected to wasting corn in that way.

IT LOOKS much as if Mr. Blaine would have to run anyhow. We observe that his house at Augusta has been robbed of its private papers by a Democratic thief.

WHEN the London *Times* speaks of James Lewis as the trans-Atlantic Coquelin it makes a mistake. Here we speak of Coquelin as that most polished of comedians the trans-Atlantic James Lewis.

THEY SAY that women are not the equals of men, and yet Mrs. Robinson of Somerville, Mass., has murdered several persons with more nerve and dexterity than any male murderer has ever shown.

MAYOR HEWITT is so devoted to economy that he has six clocks in his office; and, docking them for every moment of lost time, he clears enough for the city to pay a small portion of his salary.

A DETECTIVE who recently shot himself in the back will have to have somebody explain how he did it. He will have six theories and no fact—even if they find the bullet. Though, to be sure, he was probably trying to run away from himself out of disgust for all the theories he ever had.

THE SOCIETY amateur who enters upon professional theatricals may get along very well for a time; but she must not postpone her divorce and temporary remarriage too long.

THE CONSTITUTION doesn't have the personal pronoun "she;" so the *Sun* reaches the conclusion that, whether Belva Lockwood is elected or not, she is the she who must not be obeyed.

IT IS SAID that Judge Gresham "lacks a barrel." That is sometimes an advantage; and it may at least be said of him, judging from his war record, that he has the bullets to put in one.

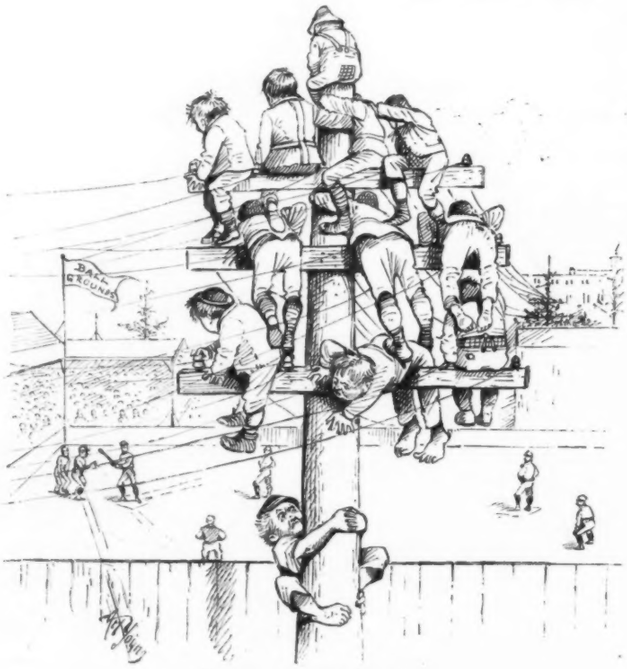
SPEAKING OF BYGONES, Belva Lockwood said recently that she hadn't written her letter of acceptance; whereas we personally suspect that she would have liked to do so long before her young man nominated her.

THE MUGWUMPS of the Democratic party include men who have control of the newspapers of the largest Democratic circulation; but they haven't the open, manly wump which makes the bolters on the Republican side comparatively respectable.

MRS. KANE, one of the Rochester Fox girls, says all of spiritualism is humbug except the rappings. The exception is very damaging to the proposition, for certainly with nothing but raps to show for it the fraud would have been knocked out years ago.

"I JUDGE," says somebody, "that the evolutionary force of destiny is also the positive pole of our hopes or the negative of our illusions." We have sometimes thought that Ferguson's balsam was a pretty good cure for that; but it seems apparent that the gentleman is in the last stages of the disease.

MRS. ORMISTAN CHANT, a suffrage woman just from England, talked in Boston the other day, and a lady who heard her said enthusiastically, "She made us all cry." Mrs. Chant is destined to be very popular in suffrage circles, and her addresses will be almost as enjoyable as melancholy.



GOING AT A SACRIFICE.

SWIPES (*to "Sandy," who has climbed the pole and found all the seats occupied*)—"Don't cry, 'Sandy;' yous kin have my seat."

A TRYST.

Alone she waits for me,
Oh, heart be still!
Only the field to cross
And then the hill,
And then, her eyes, soft charm
My eyes will meet
With welcome glad and warm
And chiding sweet.

Across the sunny road
Long shadows lie;
The birds sing overhead—
The breeze goes by
Laden with clover-breath—
With summer dreams!
Sweet heart, how far and far
The distance seems!

I mount the hill at last;
There in the shade
Near where the cross-roads meet
Our tryst was made.
I see her robe of white,
Her waving glove;
Alone she waits for me,
My own true love.

M. S. BRIDGES.

THE UNPARDONABLE CRIME.

St. Peter (to head waiter, just ready to enter paradise)—"Hold! Did you ever wait on anybody?"

Head waiter (in shame and deep contrition)—"Only o—once, when all my employees were on a strike."

St. P. (scornfully)—"You will have to go with the porter who said 'Thank you' for a ten cent fee. We cannot forgive such flagrant violations of dignity."

H. w.—"But I killed the man the next time I met him by concentrating my glance and my diamond on his countenance."

St. P.—"'Tis well. You are forgiven. You shall enter in with the three maidens abreast who never so far forgot themselves as to turn out for any known mortal."

HIS NIGHT-CAPS.

First Kentucky wife—"What kind of night-caps does your husband use, Mrs. Vivant?"

Second Kentucky wife—"Bourbon trimmed with real sugar, Mrs. Ransom."

DOUBLE-EDGED.

Von Beatt—"By Jove, old fellow, but I'm glad to see you! I'm dead broke, and thought you would lend me a tenner for a day or two."

Van Speekplane—"Well, yes, I would, but I can't afford to."

Von B.—"Do you mean to insinuate that you think I couldn't return it?"

Van S.—"Oh, not at all. You could, but you wouldn't."

HOW THE NATIONAL GAME AFFECTS HER.

BALLVILLE BEACH, 1888.

My dear little Diamond:—

Am I having a good time? you ask. Well, I'll give you my campaign from my score-book and let you be umpire.

I coaxed pa to come early so I could get my first innings at society's bat here, for 'tis here the choicest "hits" do congregate. We got our position at centre-field in a swell little Queen Anne, and to judge from my present fielding my score will be the leader.

I pitched my first ball high, when I found the duke of Wiles was signed for catcher of the American Beauties. I made three base-hits on rides with him before the other girls got to first, and made two home-runs in one week by coaxing him up to the cottage for a quiet b. and s.

Then I made the grand double-play of the season; Oldgold came to time sooner than I'd expected, and as I was more than half afraid the duke would play foul if a richer girl took her innings, I played 'em both. Thus, you see, I got the *eclat* attendant on the duke's name and the fun out of Oldgold's attentions—he never spares money when he's on deck, you know, nor misses batting a ball that can hit a good time.

I made two or three wild pitches between the two, and came near losing first-base by taking an out with Mr. Dudling one day; but I managed to score my points at the hop that evening with both.

I stole a base on Fan Slowleigh by batting for her old poke of a lover's favor in his "new and original play" of "Modest Maidens." I slugged so well in my part as leading lady that I astonished myself, and as acting's the next best thing to flirting, I enjoyed Fan's raging glances immensely. *He* thinks I'm a regular sky-scraper for high-toned sentiments. Ha! ha! I popped a fly to him one day, quoting from Shakespeare; but he sent a corker to centre with some lines from Horace Somebody, and I know I muffed, trying to look as if I understood them.

I expect to get in some scattering hits next week on a batch of fly yachtsmen, and if I don't fumble I shall down at least three of them that gave signs of being badly hit last year.

But there's the dinner-bell! I must slide to plate.

Will send you another score-card soon. Till then,

Yours for the pennant,

MADCAP WILDE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIZE.

THE PATERNAL VIEW OF IT.

"What a beautiful child!' exclaimed Miss De Gush,
As she gazed at the bundle of clothes;
"And you—happy father—think it's the one
Finest baby on earth, I suppose."

"Well, yes," replied dad, as he thought of the nights
He had walked the cold floor in distress,
"I really must say, my dear Miss De Gush,
I regard it a howling success."

LENA G. BROWN.

The hungry man doesn't spend much time reading the bill-of-fare.

UNCLE'S INITIATION.

LITTLE ETHEL—"Oh, Uncle John! Freddy's made the nicest game you ever saw with the table leaf. It's called "Slam." Lean on the window ledge, that way, and we'll show you how to play it."

Played!

ON THE CORNER.

HE is as plentiful as the segar-store Indian; he is either in liquor or in a fight, and when he isn't in either he is ready to be put under their soothing influences. He can whip all creation with his heroic right hand; all things on the earth, and in the waters under the earth, besides the local alderman, do him homage. His power is as wide as a Jerseyman's trousers, and his fiat as decisive as an unquenchable mosquito's.

In his own inimitable way he is quite a dude. He recognizes no law of fashion, but is as original as the clothes he steals can make him. What is mine is his. Talk back at him and you'll find yourself taking involuntary acrobatic exercises to the tune of a brass-knuckled fist. Be conciliatory and he'll simply go through your pockets; be pugnacious and he'll completely annihilate you.

He's as "tough" as a twenty-minutes-for-refreshments beefsteak. He's amenable to reason when you treat him; what if his tastes do run to sour mash and gin fizz? You cannot tell when you may be running for assemblyman or sheriff of the county. No common beers for him. His ambition knoweth not humility, nor his aspirations defeat.

He smokes what he can pick up; a stump is to him a vision of Arcadia, a perfected weed, a very elysium. As a mathematician he knows the correct angle at which to hold the inspiring cigar. His motto is excelsior; he is not afraid of heaven, though heaven may well be of him. He's a sort of homogeneous equation in the terms of "don't touch me." Being irresistible all over, he sticks like a maiden aunt, or like a fly in the blessed June time.

To sum up the virtues and graces of his character would take a modern Sunday newspaper or a white-wash brush. He may sometimes be stuck-up (against the family entrance), but he's never proud. In short, to the ward he's a necessity, to the hospital an agent, to the district policeman a brother in conversation and consolation, and to the corner an ever-needed fixture and transcendent adornment.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

NEW PLACE.

Society belle—"Mamma, where shall we go this summer? Can't you suggest some place where we have not already spent so many seasons?"

Kind mother—"It occurs to me that it would be a capital idea, and I know we would be equally benefited by a quiet sojourn at"—

Society belle (interrupting)—"Ah, where, mamma?"

Kind mother—"Home, my dear."

SENTENCE REVERSED.

COUNTRY JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (*who has been painting the city green*)—"Wheil, seein' as how this be the fust time (*uck*) you been brought before me (*ick*) I'll recormend yer to tha (*ock*) murcy of ther court."

HIS HONOR—"You forget, sir, that I am running this court. Officer, usher the prisoner to the ten-day apartments."

NOT THE "ICE MAIDEN."

Bashful youth—"If you will take my hand—I mean arm—I will endeavor to get you an ice."

Encouraging maid—"Thanks. I don't care for an ice, Mr. Muchinlove, but I would be pleased to accept your hand."

THE SWIFT AND THE SURE.

Jawkins (who has read the morning paper)—"Dreadful accident, that at the Royal Berlin theatre—six taken out dead!"

Hawkins (who is reading the evening paper)—"Dreadful! But I see you're not acquainted with the new life-saving service. Here's the *Evening Comet* that has brought five of them to life; only one was killed."

AN INCONSIDERATE HOST.

Jones came back home one day furious. He had spent a dollar in hiring a cab to pay a call of ceremony on a friend who happened to be out.

"The idea of putting me to such an expense, and all for nothing!" he grumbled. "If I'd known he wasn't at home I'd gone on foot."

RONDEAU FOR '88.

Propose to her? Oh, yes; she's fair,
With lovely eyes and golden hair,
And dainty rose-tints on her cheek
That lips of lover often pique,
And sweetly fascinating air.

Then can I beauty find more rare?
I'll whisper you the flaw-speck there,
Without it, I were he who'd eke
Propose to her.

I truly for the maiden care;
My heart's best love with her I'd share:
But have you learned her latest freak?
For woman's rights she's bound to speak;
So in this year *I* scarcely dare
Propose to *her*.

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

HER SIGHT WAS A TRIFLE IMPAIRED—SHE THOUGHT THE BARREL WAS JOHN.

Mr. Porter has brought along a private basket to the picnic, and has gone off by himself, ostensibly to bathe.

MRS. PORTER (*on a searching expedition*)—"John, I want you to come away from the water! You've been in long enough."

MR. PORTER (*to himself*)—"I *am* coming away from it."

"WASHING DONE HERE."

Poor old Martha Holmes devotes her declining years to cleansing the soiled linen of the citizens of her section of the suburb of Hoboken. This sign adorns the front of her humble dwelling:

"Martha Holmes washes every day."

"What a very clean person Martha must be!" is the inevitable comment of the ingenuous passer-by.

NOW AND THEN.

OFFICER KELLEY—"Slather me av Oi doan' give thot bhlack Oyetalian wan rap f'r luck. It's immigration that's runein' thish land."

Officer Kelley's appearance in America in 1840, on a trunk.

A FEW FROM OUR LITTLE PHIL.

A MILD INTEREST.

He (at the Boston ball grounds)—"Are you interested in base-ball, Miss Penelope?"

She—"Only mildly so."

He—"Isn't that Kelly at the bat?"

She—"Yes, and he has made a hit (*excited*)—Oh, watch how beautifully he picks up his feet, and he is sliding for second (*shouting*)—Good boy, Kelly!"

THIS WORLD GOOD ENOUGH.

The Sunday-school class was singing "I want to be an angel."

"Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher.

"I'm singing as loud as I want to be an angel," explained Bobby.

NO REDUCTION ALLOWED.

Boston girl (in dry-goods store)—"I am afraid, sir, that this tulle is a trifle too diaphanous."

Clerk—"I am very sorry, miss, but we have but one price."

RELIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.

"You are looking bright and happy this morning, Flossie," said the Sunday-school teacher, as the little girl came in her face all aglow with religious enthusiasm. "Do you love to come to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Flossie; "and mamma says when I get bigger I'm to have a bustle."

HE SHOULD HAVE STOOD STILL.

Magistrate (to plaintiff, with lump on his head)—"If your wife threw a sad-iron at you why didn't you dodge?"

Plaintiff—"I did, your honor, and that's how I come to get hit."

PHILIP H. WELCH.

BOYISH JOYS.

Soon the youth will dig for worms;
And as his wormship writhes and squirms,
He will jab him on a hook,
Hie unto the busy brook—
"There to catch the speckled trout?"
Not much. Watch the day's sport out,
And you'll find him rather miffish,
Plus one catfish, and neck stiffish.

A. A.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

On the richly-carpeted floor of the hall a soft, mellow light was shining, but in the parlor it was so dark that nothing could be seen. But if a person had been hidden in the folds of the rich draperies he might have heard the tender, loving voices of Eleanor von Guinness and Felix de St. Paul, who were sitting in the farthest corner of the room in the tight embrace of first affection. "Darling," he was saying, "October is so far away that it will never, never come. Let us be married in July though the hot sun pour down and the air be full of dust." "Nay, nay," she replied firmly, "that can never be. I cannot be married in July. My dress is just lovely and I do not propose to wed at a time when, in order to travel in comfort, I would have to cover it up with a linen duster. In the fall, Felix—in the fall."

NO WONDER HE WAS SURPRISED.

BOGSON (*who has illness in his family*)—"Please renew this prescription."

DRUGGIST (*loquaciously*)—"You look much better than when you were here last week, sir. I am glad to see that you are improving."

BOGSON (*a hale and hearty man*)—"Why, this medicine is for my wife."

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Eat all yo' cawn green an' lack hoecake.

One room sel'om contains song an' sorrow.

We ruddah suffah wid de dyspepsy dan go widout eatin'.

De han'some wench war sho' ob a husban' de day she war bo'n.

De po' man dat keeps a dog fo' fun mus' buy his po'k by de poun'.

Ebery man dat libs 'ones'ly an' am good toe de po' am a preachah.

'Case a coopah made de bar'l ain't no sign he kin tell w'at's in de bar'l.

Yo' can't make yo' dog wag 'is tail fo' joy by gibbin' yo' nabah's dog a bone.

W'en de dog er got Pompey by de trousahs, Pompey ull yell fo' he'p eben f'om de man w'ose chickens he wah aftah.

Some men mus' be brightah an' smahtah en oddahs, ob co'se. W'at ud we do in July ef ebery stah war ez hot an' shiny ez de sun?

Small thieves ull be wid us ez long ez men am hungry; an' big thieves ez long ez de wol' t'inks de smahtes' man am de one dat gits de mos' propahty.

J. A. WALDRON.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

'Tis said that blessed is the man,
Or be he rich or poor,
Who maketh grow two blades of grass
Where one hath grown before;
But poor Walt Whitman, when he tried
To bring this thing to pass—
And fertilized it from the marsh—
Men cursed his "Blades of Grass."

ANNA C. STARBUCK.

A BASHFUL MAN.

In a police court.

"Prisoner, you have heard what the complainant has had to say. What induced you to steal six oranges from the stand of this poor old woman?"

"How could I buy them when I didn't know the price?"

"You might have asked."

"But, your honor, I always was very timid about speaking to women."

TRYING TO THE NERVES.

"Who was that young lady in black?"

"A friend of mine. Poor thing! She buried her third husband last week, and her nerves are quite shattered. I fear she will not live to part with a fourth."

"She looks very young to have outlived three husbands."

"Oh, they're not *dead*. She's from Chicago."

GROVER THE GIANT-KILLER

GROVER CLEVELAND—"I've undertaken to k

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

LER UNDERTAKES A BIG CONTRACT.

n to k three, and so I will if they don't kill *me!*"

QUITE THE PROPER THING.

Mrs. Dumley—"Out of nine children the only one now living is Cousin Kate."

Mr. Dumley—"Cousin Kate, the dressmaker?"

Mrs. Dumley—"Yes."

Mr. Dumley—"Well, that's all right. Survival of the fitist, you know."

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION OF A PROVERB.

"What is it that has often spurred men on to struggle nobly with adversity, Harry?" asked his mother.

"Necessity," promptly replied Harry; "because it is the mother of invention."

"Good boy. I see you remember what you are told."

At a later period of the day, Harry, having been detected in a falsehood, was affrighted by looming visions of a chastening slipper, when his good memory again came to his aid and he urged this plea: "Necessity was what made me tell that story, ma."

"What do you mean?" said his mother severely.

"'Cause necessity is the mother of invention," he responded tearfully.

The slipper was postponed.

HE GOT A HORSE.

'A horse! a horse!" King Richard cried
But no horse met his sight.
He donned a female garb; his head
He covered with a wig of red,
And in a trice, lo! at his side
Appeared a horse of white!

W. C. S.

"THRICE BLEST IS HE WHOSE NAME HAS BEEN WELL SPELT."

Mrs. von Brown (to literary character)—"Oh, Mr. Ednarisjeance! How delightful it must be to have an unique name! It must be a matter of deep satisfaction to know that one's patronymic is both distinguished and unmistakable?"

Literary character (recently printed as *Ed Norris Jancy*, with pensive sadness)—"Well, I don't know how it seems to *you*. My only reason for refusing Miss Smith was that there would have been two of us for the typos to whack at. Do you know I have wondered why your national leap-year customs were not elastic enough to admit of the gentleman's taking *her* name?"

SECTIONAL BITTERNESS.

"Couldn't you help a poor fellow," said the tramp, "who has lost his last dollar simply through sectional animosity?"

"I will be glad to," replied Bagley, "if you will only tell me your sad story."

"I invested in lots in a Kansas town that would have been the new Chicago of the west if those infernal people of Kansas City hadn't ruined it."

But Bagley's eye glared stonily. "Fool!" he gurgled, as he stalked away; "*I* am from Kansas City!"

HE MISUNDERSTOOD.

Nursery agent—"Can't I put you in some trees, Mr. Lafitte? We have some excellent dwarf pears."

New householder—"Can't sell me any. I don't want any hump-backed fruit on my place."

When I smoke my wife in anger gets,
And the more I fume the more she frets.

NO PARLEZ-VOUSING THERE.

Waiter (in Chicago restaurant)—"How d' ye like the steak cooked, mister?"

Bobley (of New York)—"Aw—underdone, please."

Waiter—"We don't do no French cookin' here, mister. Our steaks are jest got up rare, middlin', an' well-done. Which 'll ye have?"

UP TO SNUFF.

CHEESEMAN / HAYSEED (*simultaneously*)—"Hello! Buggins, heow air ye?"

CHEESEMAN / HAYSEED (*a moment later, in a whisper*)—"Bunco, begosh!"

A HAMVILLE DEBATE.

Elder Hollerway (jumping right into the vortex of his subject)—"Whom goes fer ter say dat Jonus couldn' lib foh day in d' archibes of dat w'ale?"

Mr. Longkah (speaking very suavely) "'M—er—I does."

Elder H.—"'M—'r—yo' does?"

Mr. L.—"Umph! da's whad 'r sayed."

Elder H. (slowly and impressively)—"Mistah Longkah, is—yo'—a—nognastrum?"

Mr. L.—"Is I a whad?!!"

Elder H.—"A nog-nastrum."

Mr. L.—"Yo' calls me dat agin, I hones mah razzer on yo', yo' brack bummer! da's whad 'll do!"

Elder H.—"Didn' call yo' nuffin. Jes' arsked a quest'n."

Mr. L. (partially appeased)—"Dis subjec' am 'bout w'ales an' Jonusses, an' 'f yo'll keep dat brack cave ob yourn frum spoutin' out 'nogstrums' d' aujence 'll set longah in dar seats. How yo' s'pose Jonus could breave in dat yar levithum's stummick w'en dey warn't no air dar? Ketch *dat* on de fly, now!"

Elder H.—"W-who said dey warn't no air dar?"

Mr. L.—"*I* said so. *Da's* who said so."

Elder H.—"Did yo' ebber see dat yar pertic'lar w'ale?"

Mr. L.—"'Cose 'r didn'! Da's a fool quest'n, an' it's tekin' up val'ble time."

Elder H.—"I'll tek up jes' 'nuf val'ble turm fer ter tell yo' sumpn new, Mistah Longkah. Dat yer w'ale wuz dispensated fer ter swaller Jonus, en w'en d' good Lawd got t' d' tarm w'en d' p'formunce wuz t' begin, d' yo' s'pose he wuz gwine fer mek a comm'n low down w'ale come a swimmin' up t' d' side ob dat ship?! Notty mucha! He hed a speshul w'ale all a ready fer d' ent'ainmunt, da's whad he had."

Mr. L.—"Whar'd he git dat w'ale?"

Elder H.—"Whar'd yo' git yo' appertite fer apple-jacker?"

Mr. L.—"Whar'd dat w'ale git d' air in he's cabin?"

Elder H. (appealing to audience)—"Now, mah heahahs, I'se done led Mistah Longkah up t' d' pile-driver, en I'se gwine t' smash him. Mistah Longkah, dat w'ale wuz a floahtin' off d' coas' ob Af'ca one day en yo' great-great-great-gran'fader he fell off'n d' rocks, en d' w'ale swallered 'm."

Mr. L.—"Whad's dat gotter do wiv d' air in d' w'ale?"

Elder H.—"Heah d' pore ijyut a talkin'! Wh', man 'live, jes' soon ez yourn gran'pop slid down d' w'ale's froat he begin t' talk, en by der time d' w'ale got whar Jonus wuz he wuz full 'nough uv air fer ter susternize a reg'munt, en—Hi dar!—whaf—ouch! Who frew dat termattus can?! Fo' de good Lawd, Miss Longkah, I didn' know yo' wuz in d' hall, an' 'll tek um all back whad 'v' said. Le's 'journ t' d' watah-milyun gorge in d' hall b'low!"

J. S. G.

WHY?

WHY do I have this drowsy, lifeless feeling? **WHY** do I have Backache? **WHY** Neuralgia and Rheumatism? **WHY** does Scrofulous taint and Erysipelas show itself?

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Europe is to have an exhibition of parrots. A base, wicked man of the bachelor species, says this country has never had an exhibition of parrots, but it has had quite a number of women's rights conventions.

The seaside resorts anticipate with equal pleasure the coming of the sweet girl graduate and the sea-serpent.—*Inter-Ocean.*

If your face is marked with blotches,
And eruptions mar the skin,
You may bet your bottom dollar
There is something wrong within.
'Tis the blood. To purify it
There is nothing half so good,
As the G. M. D. is—try it!
To be clearly understood

I will explain that G. M. D. means "Golden Medical Discovery" (Dr. Pierce's), the popular remedy for debility, lung-troubles, and weak, impoverished blood, which, like scrofula, shows its presence in the system in blotches, eruptions, and pimples.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Mrs. George Archibald's charming little dialect poem, "Quit Your Foolin'," which appeared in the JUDGE in March, has gone half the world over, and recently it appeared in the *Sunday Mercury* of this city with the title "I Took the Hint," and bearing the signature "Frank Lincoln." It is evident that Mr. Lincoln doesn't belong to the family of Abraham of Illinois; and perhaps the *Mercury* had better look up his pedigree.

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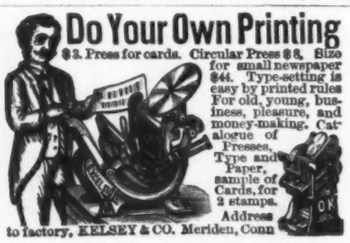

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A writer in *Science* points out the fact that if one holds his breath wasps, bees, and hornets can be handled with impunity, inasmuch as holding the breath closes the pores of the skin, but the general impression prevails that gloves are far more useful than impunity; besides one can put them on more easily.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

DOES TEA HURT THE TEETH?

Some English Physicians Think It Does. While a Number of Eminent New York Practitioners Laugh Away the Fears of Tea Drinkers.

Staid, conservative medical journals of England are seriously discussing the evils of drinking tea, with particular reference to its effects upon the teeth. . . . It may be a source of comfort for tea-drinkers all the world over to know that this new theory is received in this country with ridicule by representative physicians and dentists.—*New York Times.*

Be this as it may, the well-known fact remains that acids, generated from a stomach disordered by various causes, accumulate on the teeth, and form one great source of decay. For this reason prominent dentists and physicians privately recommend and publicly indorse the

Being, in the words of Dr. Flickinger, a prominent dentist of St. Louis: "Fully convinced that it is the *only article in the market* which acts in conjunction with floss silk, both as a *thorough cleanser* and *efficacious absorber* of the *acids* and *accumulations* on and around the *teeth*."

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Little girl—"I hear that your pa boxed both of your ears yesterday on the street."

Little boy—"Boxed my ears! Now that goes to show how you can only believe one-half what you can hear. He only boxed one of my ears. I dodged the second lick. It wasn't on the street, it was on our stoop."—*Texas Siftings.*

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"When I look at the congregation," said a clergyman the other Sunday, "I ask where are the poor? But when I count the offertory in the vestry, I ask where are the rich?"

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To Celebrate the One Hundreth Year of the North-Western Territory.

The Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati, to begin on the Fourth of July and continue for one hundred days, or until the 27th of October, is a quadruple celebration. It does honor to the settlement of the Ohio Valley, the Northwestern Territory, the State of Ohio and the City of Cincinnati, and the event has, over all, an obvious national significance. This extensive domain, known as the Northwestern Territory, is the centre of the agricultural and industrial interests of the nation; and moreover, it includes the vast commercial enterprises of the Great Lakes and the Ohio River. It embraces an area of more than 300,000 square miles, has a lake-shore line of nearly 2000 miles, and a river frontage of 2500 miles, in round numbers.

The citizens of Cincinnati have raised a guarantee fund of a million and more dollars, extensive edifices have been erected at a cost of a quarter of a million, marvels of architecture, in rapid as well as safe construction and tasteful ornamentation. The whole area for the exhibit of the prosperity and enlightment of the Northwestern Territory reaches the vast expanse of more than 600,000 square feet. This space has been mostly taken. The national government has expressed the desire to occupy a whole wing for its exhibit, and will make an appropriation of $150,000 to defray expenses. The various railroad companies throughout the land have established excursion rates, and the most ample arrangements have been made to accommodate the vast concourse to be present, the rates in every instance being made reasonable and within the reach of the most exacting.

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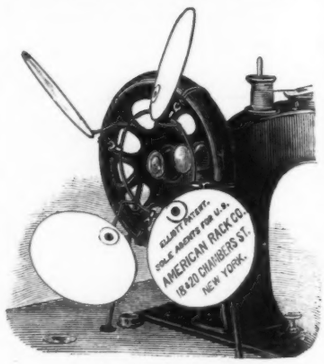

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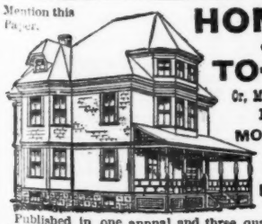

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Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

To-day I wander through the grove,
  I stroll across the lea,
The music of the feather choir
  Bring memories sweet to me.
'Twas here we wandered hand in hand
  Among the springing flowers,
Ah! love, I never can forget
  Those bright, those golden hours.

The scene appears the same to-day;
  Here was our trysting place,
But now it lacks one feature bright,
  Your sweet and smiling face.
I miss the music of your voice,
  So sweet, so soft, so low,
The eyes that fondly met my own
  One little year ago.

I sigh to have you by my side;
  But, ah, it cannot be;
You cannot come to me to-day
  Beside the trysting tree.
A change has come into our lives,
  Our courting days have flown;
You've got to mind the twins, and I
  Must take my walks alone.

—*Boston Courier.*

Although Sohmer & Co.'s Bijou Grand Piano is one foot smaller than the smallest Grand ever before made, none of its power or tone quality is lost. In this respect it is a revelation in the art of piano-forte making. It possesses a peculiar sweetness and brilliancy, with excellent singing quality, purely musical throughout the entire scale, and a volume of tone that one would never expect to find in an instrument of this size. This is one of the improvements in the piano-forte which Messrs. Sohmer & Co. have made for which they are entitled to unstinted credit. Their Aliquot Scale, introduced about two years ago into their Concert Grands, is another of their valuable improvements, and has done much toward achieving the excellence of their instruments. The result of the experiments of the great accoustician Helmholtz, was the discovery of the principles underlying this harmonic or sympathizing effect in the production of sound; but Sohmer & Co. have devised the most practical method of applying the principle to the piano-forte, by which they soften and beautify the tone, and prolong its singing quality, which is a most desired effect, hitherto unattainable by any other means. The Bijou Grand, in shape, is somewhat different from that of the ordinary Small Grand, being carved on both sides, which admits of its being finished all around, an advantage which enables it to be placed in a parlor, while its compact form adapts it to an ordinary-sized room.

The sentiment of the country is overwhelmingly in favor of the preservation of Justice Fuller's moustache. Like the constitution of the nation under which it has attained its luxuriant development, it must and shall be preserved. If anyone attempts to cut it off, shoot him on the spot.—*Chicago Herald.*

JUDGE wants protection. And JUDGE shall have it if the court knows herself, and the court thinks she do.—*Buffalo Express.*

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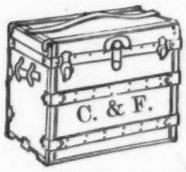

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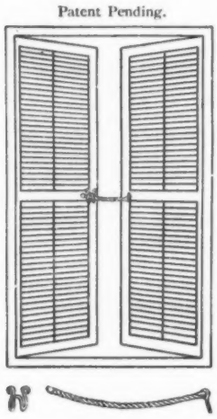

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VOICE FROM INSIDE—"Don't you see it's raining?"

McGARRAHAN—"Oi do, but hivin knows youse orter kape th' chlouds out o' comphetition wid a poor man!"

A CARD FROM MESSRS. GILMORE & TOMPKINS.

We would respectfully announce the conclusion, with the present attraction, of the first season of this famous playhouse as a combination theatre. During the next month the house will be rented to various colleges and societies for commencement exercises and meetings, as has been customary during past years. The month of July will be devoted to a general overhauling of the theatre and the improvement of various portions of the building, together with the extensive preparations necessary for the production of the "OLD HOMESTEAD," which will inaugurate the next regular season on THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, the details of which will be personally superintended by MR. DENMAN THOMPSON. It is needless to enter into an account of the perfectness with which this presentation will be made, suffice to say that it is booked to play at the Academy the ENTIRE SEASON. Some idea of the scenic effects may be gleaned from the announcement that arrangements have been made with the famous artist, PAUL PHILLIPOTEAUX, whereby the services of that gentleman have been secured. Associated with Mons. Phillipoteaux will be MR. PHILIP GOETCHER, whose reputation as an artist of excellence is already established. It is safe to assert that no production of recent years will equal that of the "Old Homestead." With the beginning of next season the popular price system (25c., 50c., 75c., and $1) at the Academy, which has been in vogue during the past year with such great success, will be maintained. Respectfully,

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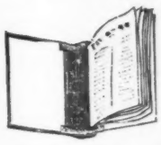

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Read Zim's Sketches

THE WAY OF THE REFORMER.

Yes, my son, yes, yes. A prohibitionist is rather apt to be a fanatic. So is any reformer. A man who spells reform with a little r and compromise with a big C may be a very pleasant and a very well-meaning man, but he never reforms anything. Somehow or other, in order to accomplish anything in his line, a reformer has to smash things. He has to do it in his business. He mustn't take time to look at anything else in this world except his own cause, and he must look at that through magnifying lenses of extraordinary power. A prohibitionist is fanatical. So also the drunken man is immoderately violent when he howls and breaks windows, smashes furniture and fires bricks at the street lamps. If you must choose between two violent men, stand by the one who knows what he is violent about. I like to see a reformer smash things; then I know he is in earnest. The firm of Reform & Compromise, after being in business one year, couldn't pay two cents on the dollar. Luther had to smash things; so did Cromwell; George Washington and his crowd and the Adams family had to turn things upside down; the old Abolitionists foamed at the mouth and rent the heavens with shrieks of fury every time anybody said "Compromise." When the Christ came into his "Father's house" there was no three days' notice and a gradual eviction, but the scourge was applied at once, the tables overthrown, the polluting money strewn upon the ground and the offenders, man and beast, driven out. What have you there, my son, a pair of pillows? And you are going to bind these things on your hands and beat down some evil? Oh, well, if you are going to give an exhibition, and play that you are going to do something, all right; these soft gloves are harmless enough for a kindergarten. But if you are really going to do your level best to "knock out" some wrong, send pillows to the hospital, peel yourself, and fight to a finish with bare hands.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE LITTLE RED RIBBON SHE WORE IN HER HAIR.

I sing not of battles nor conquerors laden
With trophies their valor has won in the strife;
My song is the love of a shy little maiden
Who smiled upon me in the morning of life.
I whispered my passion; though clumsily spoken,
With tear-shining lashes she heeded my prayer,
With the ring of betrothal I plead for a token—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

Though now it is faded
I picture it braided
The way that it shimmered that night on the stair:
And often I kiss it,
And think how I'd miss it—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

The years have flown by and her locks have grown whiter;
I smile when she speaks of the gray in the gold;
I whisper to her that her glances are brighter,
Her dimples more witching than ever of old.
Our love-life has witnessed more laughing than weeping;
We chase with fond kisses the footprints of care;
But my own little wife never dreams I am keeping
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

Though faded and crinkled,
And rumpled and wrinkled,
The bonnie, bright looping that glistened so fair,
Far down in my pocket
It lies in a locket—
The little red ribbon she wore in her hair.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

A very charming book for summer reading is "Mrs. Lord's Moonstone," from the press of Wynne & Wayne, 28 Seventh street, Philadelphia. It is from the graceful pen of Charles Stokes Wayne, who has done many good things for the JUDGE.

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